Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the grosse sum of deuse-ace amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the base vulgar call three.

Br. True. *Boy.* Why sir is this such a peece of study? Now heer's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how easie it is to put yeeres to the word three, and study three yeeres in two words the dancing horse will tell you.

Brag. A most fine Figure.

Boy. To proue you a Cypher.

Brag. I will hereupon confesse I am in loue: and as it is base for a Souldier to loue; so am I in loue with a base Wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection, would deliuer me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransome him to any French Courtier for a new deuis'd curtsie. I thinke scorne to sigh, me thinks I should out-sweare *Cupid.* Comfort mee Boy, What great men haue beene in loue?

Boy. Hercules Master.

Brag. Most sweet *Hercules*: more authoritie deere Boy, name more; and sweet my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. Sampson Master he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.

Brag. O well-knit *Sampson*, strong ioynted *Sampson*; I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst mee in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was *Sampsons* loue my deare *Moth.*

Boy. A Woman Master.

Brag. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Brag. Tell mee precisely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the sea-water Greene sir.

Brag. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I haue read sir, and the best of them too.

Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Louers: but to haue a Loue of that colour, me thinkes *Sampson* had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Boy.

Boy. It was so sir, for she h

Brag. Me loue is most imm

Boy. Most immaculate the

such colours.

Brag. Define, define, well

Boy. My fathers witte, and

Brag. Sweet inuocation o

tical.

Boy. If she be made of whit

Her faults will nere be known

For blush-in cheekes by faults

And feares by pale white show

Then if she feare, or be to bla

By this you shall not know,

For still her cheekes possesse t

Which natiue she doth owe:

A dangerous rime master a

Brag. Is there not a Ballet

Boy. The world was very

ages since, but I thinke now

it would neither serue for the

Brag. I will haue that sub

ample my digression by so

loue that Country girle that

nall hinde *Costard*: she defer

Boy. To be whip'd: and y

Brag. Sing Boy, my spirit

Boy. And that's great ma

Brag. I say sing.

Boy. Forbeare till this co

Enter Clowne, C

Const. Sir, the Dukes pl

safe, and you must let him ta

hee must fast three dayes a w

her at the Parke, she is alowd

Brag. I doe betray my se

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